

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXIII.—No. 1. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

SEPT. 15, 1907.

SING, WORK, LIVE.

Sing, let us sing, with a right good will!
Cheerily, cheerily singing;
Helping the world with joy to fill,
With pleasant voices ringing.
Sing, let us sing, with a right good will!
Kindly feelings bringing;
Love and goodness round us still,
While old time is winging.

Work, let us work, with a steadfast mind!
Earnestly, earnestly working;
Trying our best to help mankind,
Our duty never shirking.
Work, let us work, with a steadfast mind!
Hardships may be lurking
In the future; we must find
The strength that comes from working.

Live, let us live, with the noblest aim!
Patiently, patiently learning
With lofty thought to keep the flame
Of high endeavor burning.
Live, let us live, with the noblest aim!
Selfishness still spurning,
Till we can see that sin and shame
To love and peace are turning—

EMILY J. TROUP.

*The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the
giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto
him.*

EMERSON.

For Every Other Sunday.

GOOD ARITHMETIC.

(Translated from the German by Elma Iona Locke.)

UNCLE JOHN rapped on the window,
nodded in a friendly way to those in
the room, and, as the children and their
mother stepped quickly to the window, he said:
"I bring you something out of the garden,—
golden-yellow plums, as large as eggs; but I
have only four, and I would like to see if you
can make a fair division of them."

There were two boys, two girls, and the mother
among whom the four plums were to be divided.

That was a hard sum, and the uncle looked
smilingly in through the window to see how
the children would set about doing it.

They all reflected on how to make the divi-
sion, except little Sophia, who quickly said:
"I can easily do that. We divide by three
and three. Two brothers and one plum make
three, two sisters and one plum make another
three, and two plums and one mother make also
three, and there remains nothing."

That was good reckoning, and Uncle John
smiled still more kindly on them as the children
happily made the division.



AN EXCITING MOMENT.

*Sheridan once said of some speech, in his
acute, sarcastic way, that "It contained a great
deal both of what was new and what was true;
but that unfortunately what was new was not
true, and what was true was not new."*

HAZLITT.

NO man or woman of the humblest sort can
really be strong, gentle, pure, and good
without the world being better for it,
without somebody being comforted by the very
existence of that goodness.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but, when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.

LOWELL.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE ADVENTURES OF WHITE PAW.

BY WILLIAM T. MCELROY, JR.

Part I.

WHITE PAW! What a funny name! Yes, it is a funny name; but, as it was a funny creature that owned it, and as there was not a single white hair on him except on his left forefoot where there were many, perhaps, after all, it was a good name for its owner. But who was its owner? Well, that is a question which you might have asked White Paw a hundred times or more without getting any satisfactory answer, for the only thing he ever learned to speak was the single word "meow." It's true, he had another way of expressing himself even more forcibly, which was to arch his back and make his tail swell up to about four times its usual size, then to go "Spitz-s-s-s-s-stiz-ztz-spitz!!!" But this was not a word. It was only a kind of Indian yell invented by White Paw's first ancestor.

Yes, White Paw was a kitten, and a mischievous kitten he was. There was no piece of mischief, from scratching little Posy's hand to turning over the cream crock, of which he was not a master. His home was a large farm-house far out in the beautiful meadows, and one would think that he would have tried to be a good kitten. But don't worry! No such idea as that ever got mixed up in White Paw's busy brain, as we shall soon see.

When White Paw first opened his eyes and took a look at this world of ours, the first thing he saw was his brother, who also had just opened his own eyes. White Paw stared at his brother, then at himself. To his surprise, he found that, instead of having a coat of black like his own, his brother's coat was white. This did not suit him at all, for he thought the white coat much the prettier of the two. So he crawled nearer to his brother, and gave him a dab on the nose with his white left paw.

"Meow," said his brother in a very squeaky voice.

White Paw jumped. He had learned something new, and that was that a kitten can make a noise. He tried it himself. "Meow," he said, in a stronger voice than his brother's, at the same time giving him another box on the nose.

"Me-o-w," said his brother, meaning, of course, "Ouch! why did you do that?"

"Cause I'm the better man," replied White Paw, in his cat language and with very much the same tone that I sometimes hear little boys use when they are quarrelling.

"Meow!" exclaimed his brother. "We'll soon see about that." And without another word he reached out both paws and raked a bunch of fur from each side of White Paw's face. This was more than White Paw was looking for; but he gave a "meow" louder than ever before, and grabbed his brother by the back of the neck. His teeth, however, were not yet strong enough, if indeed he had any, and his brother, turning a somersault, stretched White Paw out on the floor and gave him a good cat-spanking. "Meow," he said again. "Now, you behave yourself and mind your own business, or you'll get worse."

White Paw got up and looked at him, but decided to wait a few days longer before he fooled with this bigger brother any more. "But just wait," he thought, "just wait." I'll turn him black one of these days, or else I'm white myself."

A few weeks later White Paw, while his mother was out, left his bed, and through a half-open door slipped out into the garden, followed by his brother.

"Meow!" they exclaimed. "What a big place!"

Pretty soon, while White Paw was gazing at the wonders, his brother slipped away and left him alone.

When White Paw looked around, his brother was nowhere to be seen. "Huh!" thought he. "Good riddance. He's not much account anyhow. I believe I'll take a tour of discovery." And with that he hoisted his tail over his back, and struck out on a run through the flowers.

He had gone only a few yards, however, when, on turning a corner, he almost bumped into a great red creature which arose to its feet directly in his path, and, flapping its wings, let out the most horrible scream White Paw had ever heard. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" White Paw fell back on his hips, while the terrible creature took a step towards him. "Spitz-zizz-zip-spitz!" he squeaked, whirling around and dashing off to a safer distance. "Who are you, villain?"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo," was the answer, in so fierce a tone that the frightened kitten let out another squeaky "spitz-z-z-zip-spitz," and dashed off through the shrubs at a pace which threatened to leave all his pretty fur hanging on the thorns. Away back behind him he could hear another loud flapping and a triumphant "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

"My," he gasped, as he stretched himself behind a rock to rest. "I hope I'll never meet him again. What a fright I have had! I guess I'd better go back home."

As soon as he was able to walk without trembling all over, he quietly slipped back into his bed. "Well," he thought, stretching himself out for a nap, "I'll go again to-morrow. And, when I get a little bigger, I'll teach that cock-a-doodle-doo thing a lesson or two."

(To be continued.)

For Every Other Sunday.

A PRAYER.

BY JOHN V. THORPE.

HELP me, O God, to stand my task,
For I am harassed sore.
My restless spirit, Lord, relieve,
And peace to me restore.

No rest I find where'er I go,
Naught that I do can bring
That comfort, which my soul doth crave,
To end its suffering.

Is there no way to find relief?
Must I forever be
As one who struggles without hope?
O Lord, I look to Thee.

For Thou hast promised to all men
Rest from their toil and pain.
Oh, satisfy my every need,
And make me whole again.

Then shall my soul, exulting, sing;
All strife and conflict cease;
My task, now hard, shall easy be,
For Thou wilt give me peace.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

BY JENNIE VICKERY.

OF all small ornamental vases, ewers, or urns that ever took the forming mould, the Portland, or Barberini, Vase is one of the most beautiful and by far the most celebrated. Its name and fame are as familiar as household words the wide world over.

It will never be known of a certainty whether this ceramic gem, upon whose smooth and shining surface an entire story is most marvellously depicted, is the production of Grecian or Roman art.

The vase was found upon Roman ground, at any rate, having been discovered about 1560 in a sepulchre two miles and a half from the Eternal City. It was enclosed in the magnificent marble coffin of the Roman emperor, Alexander Severus (222-235 A.D.) whose cinerary urn it was. A fitting receptacle truly for the ashes of this ideal ruler, who, pagan that he was, yet made the Golden Rule the law of his life, and who, being too virtuous for his day, was murdered, and then deified by his faithful people.

For two centuries after its discovery the vase was kept, with countless other art treasures, in the great Barberini Palace in Rome, hence it was at first, and sometimes even yet, called the Barberini Vase.

In 1770 the vase was purchased by Byres, the antiquary, who soon afterwards sold it to Sir William Hamilton, once English ambassador to the Court of Naples and a great art-collector.

Sir William, in turn, sold it to the Duchess of Portland, after whom the vase is now called the Portland Vase, for the good round sum of nine thousand dollars of our money, or 1,800 guineas, English money.

At the sale of the property of the Duchess later on, it was bid in by the members of the Portland family for a little more than half that sum; that is, £1,029, or \$5,145.

In 1810 the Duke of Portland, who was one of the trustees of the British Museum, that surfeiter of sightseers, placed the vase in that institution, where it still remains, retaining, meanwhile, his right over it as his own property.

The Portland Vase is small. Its exact height is nine and three-quarters inches; its diameter, at its widest part, seven and one-quarter inches.

The shape of the vase is the ideal embodiment of elegance, grace, and symmetry. The swell of the lower and central portion of the vase gradually diminish to a narrow neck which, in turn, gracefully opens towards the lip like an unfolding flower.

The vase is supported by two handles inserted at the concave, or narrow, part. Its glass foot is distinct and is thought to have been cemented on after Alexander's ashes were placed in the urn.

For many years the substance of the Portland Vase was supposed to be some species of stone. One eminent critic of antiquities called it amethyst, one calcedony, one sardonyx, one agate. All experts now unite in calling its material glass.

The semi-transparent ground is of a deep indigo blue color. Upon this rich, dark background seven ornamental figures, counting the one upon its foot, each five inches high, and formed of some delicate white substance, are laid in low relief. So firmly, too, are these figures attached to the ground, they appear to have grown out of it and to be a portion of the ground itself.

By just what process the union of the blue and the white substances was effected will always remain a mystery. There are many conjectures concerning the matter. In the opinion of Dr.

Wollaston, the distinguished English naturalist, who "combined the genius of the philosopher with the skill of the artist," the Portland Vase was formed by first making an artificial opal. This opal was then blown out as is done with all glass vessels. Then part of the outer layer was cut away, leaving the figures, in their "un-copied beauty and ideal grace," in low relief.

A Mr. Cowper maintains that the white figures were run into the blue part while the ground-work was in a state of fusion.

Up-to-date ceramic experts now unite in pronouncing the Portland Vase a glass cameo, pure and simple. They maintain the vase was first entirely covered with white enamel out of which the figures were cut as cameos made of precious stones are cut. Though many fragments of the same kind of manufacture are in existence, the Portland Vase is the most perfect example of the glass cameo in existence. Its every outline is as sharp and unbroken as the most finished delineation drawn by pencil, cut by graver, or struck by the die.

While connoisseurs agree, now, as to the material comprising the Portland Vase, to each one its beautiful decorations tell a different story, according to their own imagination. To one it is that of Orpheus and Eurydice. To another Proserpine and Plato. The great naturalist Darwin viewed it as an allegory of life and immortality. A Mr. Windus, F.R.S., published a work in 1845 solely to prove the story was that of a love-sick lady consulting Galen. Almost every mythologic and allegoric story has its adherents in fact.

The Museum Guide describes it as the silver-footed sea-nymph Thetis consenting to be the bride of the mortal Peleus. And to the Guide's dictum one may as well pin one's faith. For who can decide when doctors disagree?

For thirty-five years the Portland Vase was not only one of the most valued relics of antiquity in the British Museum, but one of its proudest ornaments also. A thing of beauty, it was a joy forever to all beholders in general, whatever their nationality, and to Englishmen in particular. The latter proudly boasted in the London papers that despite its having been made one hundred and thirty-eight years before Christ, the Portland Vase was still as perfect as when it first left the magic hand of its unknown maker.

But even just pride sometimes precedes destruction, and who knows what a day may bring forth? In 1845 a semi-lunatic named William Lloyd suddenly and without motive, unless it were notoriety, aimed a brick at the Portland Vase and crashed it to pieces.

The scattered pieces were all carefully gathered up, and the vase restored by a Mr. Doubleday in a degree of perfection but little short of miraculous. Indeed, the lines of jointure are so nearly imperceptible to the naked eye that not one member of the writer's party would have noticed them but for the Guide's allusion to them.

Previous to this mad act of Lloyd's, the Portland Vase stood upon a table in the centre of the small ante-room at the head of the stairs in the Museum leading to the Gallery of Antiquities. For greater safety it has since been kept in the Jewel Room. Only twenty people are allowed at one time in this room, and as a necessary precaution the policemen therein are doubly reinforced.

A mould of the Portland Vase was taken at Rome before it left the city of the Cæsars by Mr. Pechler, a gem engraver. From it Mr. Tassie, a celebrated modeller, took sixty casts in plaster-of-paris, and then broke the mould. Josiah Wedgwood, the renowned English china manufacturer, whose ware Wedgwood

became a generic term,—"Have you any Wedgwood," being asked the world over,—obtained from the Portlands the right to himself and his heirs to make fifty copies of the Portland Vase every hundred years.

So high was the order of Mr. Wedgwood's workmanship in these imitations, in which not only the shape, but the color, of the beautiful original was so remarkably well preserved, his copies sold for \$125 each at the close of the eighteenth century and which to-day would sell from ten to fifteen thousand dollars each.

Unfortunately these fine copies of the Portland Vase, of which Mr. Wedgwood made but thirty and sold but ten, are widely scattered. Occasionally, however, a fugitive copy comes unexpectedly to light. A New York paper tells this story concerning such a "find" which occurred a decade since, when it made a tremendous flutter in the covetous art world.

A New York dealer in antiquities purchased a lot of accumulated ceramics in the Wedgwood factory in Staffordshire as a speculation. On exhibiting them in New York he sold many pretty pieces much below their real value. To some unknown person he one day sold a jasper ware vase for two dollars.

A ceramic expert who had, before its sale, noticed the white figures upon the vase and afterwards read some details concerning the Portland Vase and its copies, called the unfortunate antique dealer's attention to the matter.

An investigation followed. From the number upon the foot of the vase, as well as from several other indubitable evidences, it was clearly proven that this vase of jasper ware which this careless and obtuse dealer had recklessly parted with for a mere song was one of Wedgwood's thirty remarkable copies of the beautiful and celebrated Portland Vase.

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER is here; the summer is over,

The long, lazy days with the sun overhead;
The orchard, the bees the scent of the clover,
The joy of outdoors, when all is said.

It's over, it's over, September is here;

School bells are ringing the wide land through;
It's book time, work time, study time, dear;
The bells that are ringing are calling to you.

Get out the big books and pile them around you;
Draw down the curtains to shut out the fun;
Forget that birds sing and bees buzz in the clover,
Remember this, dear, that September has come.

There are long days ahead to be patient and brave in;
There are lessons to learn, there's tussle, not joy;
But the boy that tries makes the man that's wise.
Hurrah for the books and the work and the boy!

The Myrtle.

THE TEACHER'S IMMORTALITY.

THERE is no death to the faithful teacher who has passed something of personal spirit to children in the schools. The greatest immortality is that which is ready for any sacrifice, annihilation if need be, in order to do good. Such a life never ends. In geometric ratio it forever increases.

PRESTON W. SEARCH.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE GREAT TEACHER'S WORDS.

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

VI. THE PLACES OF HONOR.—*Luke* xiv. 7-11.

I HAD just returned from a walk and found Peggy curled up in the green basket chair. She sprang to greet me, and I knew at once my friend was in trouble, for her eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

"I want to see you and tell you about something," she said. "Yes, I've been crying. You know we are planning a little play in our 'Lend-a-Hand' to raise some money for Dr. Grenfell in his Labrador Mission. I've always had the principal part and never thought of anything else. At the meeting to-day, after school, Miss Everett said right before the others, 'Peggy, you have been our hardest worker always in the past. Now I think it would be better this time to give some one else the leading part. It will be a rest for you and a chance for others to learn what responsibility means. We have put Anna Sewall down for 'Leonore'; and, if you will be the little waiting maid, the whole thing will arrange nicely.'"

"What did you say, Peggy?"

"I said, 'Of course, Miss Everett, I'll be glad to take any part you give me.'"

"That was being a little lady, dearie."

"But it wasn't true! I was so astonished and disappointed, for I love the part of 'Leonore.' The waiting maid comes on but twice and says about a half-dozen words each time."

"Won't Anna be glad?"

"Of course she will! Any one who had that splendid part couldn't help being glad. But that isn't all. Gertrude looked at Bessie, and they both smiled as if they were glad I didn't have it. It looks as if they thought I was a pig—and—oh, they don't know how much hard work there is in a play." And Peggy began crying again.

"Now, little girl, let's think this over. Which would you choose if you were called upon, to be the most right-minded, modest person possible, or have the best part in things?"

"I'd like—both," replied Peggy, earnestly. "Couldn't I be both?"

"Possibly, but we are so often called upon in life to take the lowest place. I think it is the mark of real high-mindedness to even choose it, sometimes. It reminds me of one of the parables, Peggy: you'll come to it soon in your course."

"Now I suspect the disciples often needed discipline as much as children do. They were always urging Jesus to tell them what their places should be in this new kingdom he was to form. I fancy they had no little sense of importance, and put on airs with the common people. This story of the places of honor ought to have made some impression upon them. If it did not at the time, it must have done its gracious work in the sad and lonely days that came to them later on."

"He spoke of the guests bidden to a wedding feast, and how they should choose their places."

"When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room, lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him; and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room."

"But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher. . . . For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"Like King Robert of Sicily," said Peggy, quickly.

"Yes, like King Robert. When he was willing—really willing—to have the beggar's place, he proved himself, worthy of the throne. If we do things well, we get into a habit of expecting the best places and being of the most importance. We may even become impatient of the lower places, and not only despise them, but those who are in them.

"Did you not know, Peggy, that the greatest souls always willingly and cheerfully take the lowest places when they come to them, and exalt the place and themselves by their beautiful service?"

"I know Anna just loves that part. She is so happy because she has it."

"Can't you make her happier by being glad yourself,—really glad, not sullenly accepting? This may be good for you, dear, you know."

"Yes, I know I like to manage things. I will try."

"I'm sure you'll be very glad some day. This is one of the ways we may grow to be like Jesus. You know you really want to."

"I do—I do," cried Peggy, with a quick kiss. "It isn't nice to feel as I do now. I guess I'll have to be real generous, truly so, or I'll never be happy again."

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.
BACON.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHERE THE POPCORN GROWS.

BY GRETA BRYAR.

OUT in the western part of the State of Iowa, in the little county of Sac, the people give themselves up almost entirely to the growing of popcorn. An immense quantity is used in the United States, and nearly half of it is grown in this one little county of Sac, where the soil seems to suit it better than anywhere else.

The development of the popcorn industry in Sac County was due to a shrewd New England Yankee named Colton. He went West about twenty-five years ago and located there. In cultivating his ground he decided not to follow the usual method of planting a different crop each year, but to plant the same thing every year. The first year he tried wheat, but he found there was no money in it. For two years following he planted all his two hundred acres with nothing but potatoes, and he had no better luck. The next thing he tried was popcorn, and every farmer in the county laughed at him. But the popcorn flourished, and in the fall he harvested a big crop which he sold at a splendid profit. The Sac County farmers did not laugh any more, they had learned something. In a few years nearly all of them were growing popcorn for the market, and making more money than ever they did before.

Popcorn is put to various uses. Of course we are all familiar with the buttered and molasses popcorn which is so popular at all the beaches, and can be found in every little candy store. An immense quantity is used in that way. Then there are the manufacturers of the different breakfast foods. They use more than anybody else, because nearly all the breakfast foods which you see advertised contain a large percentage of popcorn.

Popcorn is different from Indian corn. It doesn't give the farmer nearly so much trouble, as it requires very little watchfulness or care. A dry season does not hurt it, and it ripens before the early frost gets a chance to nip it. It will yield about 3,000 pounds to the acre, and, as the farmer can sell it for eighty cents a hun-

dred pounds, he finds it quite profitable. Sac and Ida counties in Iowa are known as the popcorn belt, and their total yield for one year is 15,000,000 pounds. If all this were popped before shipping, there would be enough to load two thousand trains of twenty cars each.

Expert pickers and huskers can do about four thousand pounds in a day, and, as they get fifteen cents a hundred pounds, their work is profitable, too. So the next time you buy buttered popcorn, you can think of the great industry you are helping to support.

HOW D'YE DO?

"HOW do you do?" That's English and American.

"How do you carry yourself?" That's French.

"How do you stand?" That's Italian.

"How goes it with you?" That's German.

"How do you fare?" That's Dutch.

"How can you?" That's Swedish.

"How do you perspire?" That's the inelegant Egyptian version.

"How is your stomach?" "Have you eaten your rice?" That's the manner in which the Chinese people express their salutation.

"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.

"How do you live on?" That's Russian.

"May thy shadow never be less." That's Persian.

All mean much the same thing—the natural expression of sympathy and friendly curiosity when one human being meets another.



HANDS FULL!

OFF TO SCHOOL.

HEAR the school-bell ringing!
See the children, bringing
Many books from shelves and cupboards
where they've lain so long;
See the light feet dancing,
O'er the sidewalk prancing,—
Eager feet, with rhythmic beat, there's music in
your song.

Happy faces gleaming,
Eyes with laughter beaming,—
Jolly little lads and lasses starting off to school;
Full of jubilation,
Joy and expectation,—
Anxious, now, to learn just how to work each
coming rule.

Days of glad vacation,
Days of occupation,
Follow in each other's footsteps; quickly past
they hie;
Children starting out to win
Learn, "for good," what they begin;
Also learn to nobly earn vacation by and by.
Selected.

TO understand the Bible is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion.—JOHN G. ADAMS.

THE SPARE MINUTE.

Oh, what will you do with the minute to spare?
The gay little, stray little minute to spare,
That comes from the clime
Of old "Plenty-of-time,"
With never a worry, and never a care?

Oh, what shall we do with the minute to spare?
The dear little, queer little minute to spare,
Who's only content
So long as he's spent,
No matter, however, whenever, or where?

We'd better take care of that minute to spare,
The wee little, free little minute to spare;
And never refuse
That minute to use;
It always is ready some burden to bear.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

RAGS.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

RAGS is a dog of many tribulations and no pedigree. He is nobody's dog and everybody's dog. He limps along on three whole legs and a maimed one. The maimed one was the result of a street car accident.

Rags doesn't seem to mind his affliction. He is uniformly good-natured. He is very cosmopolitan: he calls no man master and no spot home, though he has had the offer of several of each. He has selected a certain number of streets in his neighborhood as his circuit, and these he patrols regularly.

Everybody feeds Rags in his circuit. He never lacks provisions: he is particular about his food, too. It seems he has tested the menu provided by his different patrons, and he has selected certain places for his breakfast and certain others for his evening dinner. (He eats two meals a day.)

He cannot be induced to eat breakfast at his dinner resorts nor dinner at his breakfast counters. His evening camp is anybody's doorway.

Rags is an unlicensed fellow, and, since the advent of the dog-catchers, he has had several narrow escapes. But a favoring fate has always preserved him.

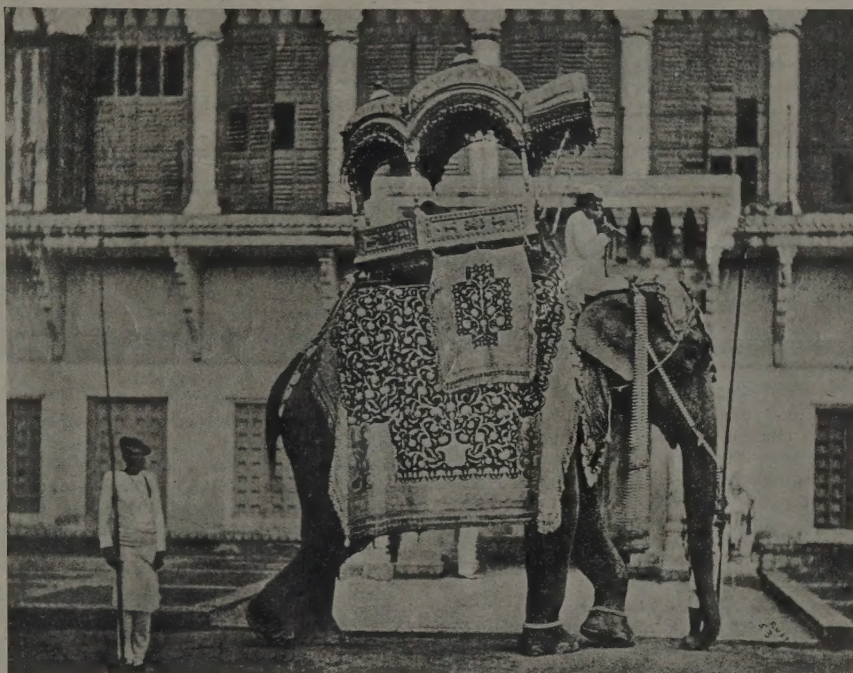
His closest call was one day when they chased him into a grocery. Rags ran in breathless; and the grocer, suspecting something wrong, snatched up an empty bushel basket and clapped it over the dog, and a woman from the neighborhood, who was in the store, immediately sat down on the measure.

In came the catchers, but all too late: there was no sight nor sound to betray the cunning creature under the bushel basket, for he had sense enough to preserve a profound silence.

The dog-catchers retired, thwarted in their base design, and the old fellow was thereupon released and held a general reception in honor of his latest escape.

AT A SNAIL'S PACE.

THAT much-used term "a snail's pace" is now no longer an indefinite one, thanks to the experiments of a naturalist. The man of science went to work in the following way: Half-a-dozen snails were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart. Each time was kept from the start to the finish, and thus the experimenter discovered the average "pace." He expanded his fingers into tables of feet, yards, rods, furlongs, etc., and found that it would take a snail exactly fourteen days to cover a mile.



STATE ELEPHANT, BENARES, INDIA.

For Every Other Sunday.

LITTLE PEETWEET.

BY MARION I. NOYES.

MRS. SANDPIPER and her little Peetweet were out for a morning walk. They had chosen the cool, shady path by the lake. It was very quiet, and not a sound was heard save the song of a bird, the chatter of a squirrel, or the lapping of the waves on the shore.

The little mother and her baby ran happily from rock to rock, looking into all the hiding places for worms, snails, and insects.

"Peetweet" called the mother in her sharp, sweet voice, and "Peetweet" called the little one in her small, sweet voice.

How beautiful the world seemed that bright summer's morning! How pleasant the breezes from the lake, and how cool the ground beneath their feet!

Suddenly, Mother Sandpiper heard a noise. She jumped upon a rock and stood quite still looking all around.

Little Peetweet found another rock, and she stood very still, just as her mother did. The sound was not repeated, and Mrs. Sandpiper gave her tail a funny little jerk and walked away. Baby Sandpiper gave her tail a funny little jerk and walked after her mother.

Soon they saw at a short distance from them a very large, strange object.

Mother Sandpiper again jumped upon a rock and stood very still for a moment. Then she bowed to the strange thing before her. She became excited and see-sawed with her body up and down, round and round, to the north, south, east, and west.

Little Peetweet tried to do the same, and how funny she did look!

Then from the strange object on the rock there came a merry "Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

By this time Mother Sandpiper was much alarmed, and, in a loud voice called, "Peetweet!"

"Peetweet!" With many little jerks they ran farther along the shore.

Now, the strange object that had so frightened them was just a little girl named Flossie, who had come down under the trees to look for strawberries; and, when she saw the funny little birds, she could not help laughing.

She was sorry that she had frightened the birds away, but she hoped that they would soon return.

She got up and looked about for berries. Soon she heard the sandpiper's voice, "Peetweet! Peetweet!" Louder and faster grew the cries, and Flossie knew that something had happened, for these were surely cries of distress. So she hurried along, following the sounds which led her to the shore of the lake.

Yes, there was Mother Sandpiper running about in the most distracted way and crying piteously; but where was Peetweet?

Could it be possible that she was lost? Yes, it must be so, and the poor little mother was so troubled!

Flossie began to search for the lost one. She had bright eyes, but she could not find the baby bird.

Tired at last, she sat down to rest. The mother bird wandered from her sight, but still she could hear the sad calls, quick and fast, "Peetweet, Peetweet, Peetweet!"

For a moment the cries ceased, and all was still. Then she heard another cry—not one of distress this time, but a sweet, loving, joyful cry, changing to a soft, cuddling song, "Pee-t-wee-t! Pee-t-we-et, we-et, we-e-t!"

Flossie clapped her hands. "Oh, I know," she said, "little Peetweet is found, and her mother is just loving and petting her. I can almost hear her say: 'My dear child, my dear Peetweet, you are found at last, and I am so glad, so glad! Where have you been.'"

Flossie went to see if this was really so. Yes, mother and baby were together, and with funny little jerks were hurrying to the home nest where they would be safe from all harm.

For Every Other Sunday.

FOLLOWING THE CHARCOAL MAN.

BY EVELYN M. ROGERS.

"MUVVER, I want to go outdoors and play, may I?" asked little three-year-old Lottie Odgers, one bright April morning.

"Isn't my little girl satisfied with watching the charcoal-man from the window?" said Lottie's mother.

"I've tired of that, I want to play outdoors."

"All right, dear, you may," said the fond mother; "but mother is very busy this morning and can't be with her little girl all the time. And will Lottie promise mother to play in the front yard, and not go out into the back yard where the charcoal man is?"

"Yes, muvver."

So Mrs. Odgers put on little Lottie's cloak and bonnet, and Lottie trotted out with her doll Esther under her arm.

She went out on the front stoop where the sun was shining so brightly, and played "house" with her dollie for a long time.

Then she became a little tired of that, although she was not quite ready to go in the house yet. She commenced to think of that charcoal-man out in the back yard, who had been putting a load of charcoal into their house earlier in the morning, and wondered if he were still there. She remembered her promise not to go around there; but, the more she thought of it, the more she wanted to go and see, and feel that black stuff for herself.

At last she could stand it no longer. "Come, Esther," she said, "we'll go and get just one of those black t'ings and den come right back." With that she went around in back and found, sure enough, the charcoal-man still there.

She edged up shyly to the cart and found there was but little charcoal left. The man would soon be gone. She picked up a piece that had fallen on the ground, felt it all over, and saw the black came off on her white fingers. She thought this fine fun, and said to her doll, "Esther, how would you like to be a little black baby, now? I've going to black your face over with this, and see how you will look." She blacked one of Esther's pink cheeks with the charcoal, then picked up another piece from the ground and blacked her other cheek,—then she blacked her forehead, chin, and hands.

Just then she saw the cart was moving away. Lottie began to follow it. You see she had entirely forgotten her mother then. She trudged on and on, as the cart moved along, down the lane leading from the yard to the street, down that street to the corner, around the corner, and down the next street,—on and on she went, following the heavy black cart. Little Lottie had forgotten where she was going or what she was going for. She had just been watching and following the charcoal-man and his cart.

Suddenly she looked around and saw a big watering-trough with large horses drinking from it. She knew she had never seen that before.

"Where is I?" thought Lottie.

She stopped and looked around on the other side of her: there were some little, dirty old houses she had never seen before.

"Where is I? oh; where is I?" she thought over and over again. "I wants my muvver."

By this time the cart had gone out of sight, and she was left standing all alone in the middle of the street. What should she do! Little Lottie was lost, and didn't know her way home.

Just then an old woman came out of one of the little houses. When Lottie saw her, she commenced to cry.

"What do you want, little girl?" asked the old woman.

"I wants my muvver," cried Lottie.

"Who is your mother, little girl?"

"Just my muvver," replied Lottie.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked the old woman.

"Lollie Dodger," sobbed Lottie. You see Lottie was only three years old, and could not talk very plainly.

"Dodger! Dodger!" said the old woman. "I don't know any family named Dodger in this city."

Lottie kept on crying: "I wants to go home. I wants my muvver."

The old woman knew the child was lost, but didn't know what to do with her, or which way to take her. So she started to take her in her own house to think matters over.

"I don't wants to go in dat house. I wants my muvver," screamed Lottie.

What should the old woman do?

Meantime Mrs. Odgers had missed her little girl when she looked out of the window for her. She went to the door and called, "Lottie! Lottie!" There was no answer. Again she called, "Lottie, Lottie!" and again received no answer. She went out in the yard and looked all around for her, but no Lottie was to be found!

"Oh, what shall I do! My little girl is lost!" said Mrs. Odgers. She put on her hat and coat and went out in the lane to look for her, but no Lottie was to be seen. Then she went down on to the street,—still, no Lottie. She walked on and on, and soon saw a neighbor.

"Have you seen my Lottie?" she asked the neighbor.

"Yes, I saw her about half an hour ago, following a charcoal cart. She went around the corner down Pearl Street, with a black doll in her arms."

Mrs. Odgers ran quickly down Pearl Street and soon met another lady, who directed her down the next street, and so on she went, until she came to where the old woman was standing with little Lottie.

"O Lottie, my dear little girl, how did you get way down here?" said her mother, who was delighted to find her again.

"O muvver, muvver, I've so glad," was all Lottie could say.

"Sure, Mrs., and I didn't mean to keep the child," said the old woman. "I'm so glad she's found her mother."

And you may be sure the next time Lottie's mother told her not to go out of the yard, she did not go.

GIFTS.

LABOR and rest,
These are the best
Blessings that heaven gives;
And happy is he
Who makes them be
His gladness while he lives.

With every day
To wake and say,
"Thank God for work and light!"
And, when at last
The day is past,
"Thank God for rest at night!"

This is to find
Sweet peace of mind;
To know life's precious worth;
God's gifts to take
And with them make
A paradise of earth.

The Myrtle.

For Every Other Sunday.

A MOUSE STORY.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

A LITTLE, gray-coated mouse started out, one bright spring morning, to see the world, and do his marketing. Mousie was not in the best of humor. His mother had given him crumbs of johnny-cake for breakfast, and he wanted cheese. It was no use for her to tell him she couldn't get cheese. She had sometimes brought it home, and he said to himself she could get it if she tried hard enough.

He didn't believe her, either, when she said he had better stay in the nest till he was older. He thought she was a kind old creature, but very fussy, and he could take care of himself, he knew. She would change her mind when he came home with cheese enough for all the mouse family's dinner.

So he watched his chance when she was out, and away he went, pricking up his ears, his bright black eyes peering in every direction. He shivered a little when first out of his warm nest: the early spring air was keen, though the sunshine was bright. But he would not go back.

He ran about, here and there, for a while, not knowing just where he wanted to go, but bye-and-bye he came up to the kitchen doorstep, and what should he find but more crumbs of johnny-cake! There was quite a good piece lying on the ground beside the step.

A little child had been sitting there, eating johnny-cake, and Mother Mouse had already taken home all she could carry at once.

The little mouse nibbled a crumb or two; but johnny-cake, you know, was not so much to his taste just then as cheese. Cheese he wanted, and cheese he meant to have. After searching about for some time, and getting quite a fright because a dog barked near him, he found a tiny hole that led into a pantry. Oh, how delighted he was! And how smart and wise he felt!

There were bread and pies, cold meat and seed-cakes, in the pantry. There was milk, too, but that was in a deep pitcher, and there was no way for him to get it. He tasted a cookey, and nibbled the edge of a mince pie. But he smelt something else. He sat quite still a moment, pricking up his ears, and sniffing the odor of something nicer, it seemed to him, than all these.

Was it cheese? Why, yes, surely it was, the very thing he wanted, the thing he had come for, and this seemed nicer than other cheese. Oh! did not Mother Mouse tell about toasted cheese? She said she had eaten some at parties two or three times, and it was the best thing she ever tasted. That was it, toasted cheese! And now to find it must be his next move.

He climbed the shelves, and ran swiftly along their edges, one after another. Sure enough, he found the cheese, rich and sweet and brown. But it was not in plate or saucer. No: it was in a box, a very queer box, with wires in the side. What if he couldn't get the cheese after all! To come so near, see it and smell it, and then have to go home without a taste, and own he had brought nothing! It was not to be borne!

Round and round the queer box he ran; and O joy! there was a little round opening like a door, where he could get in!

Perhaps it was a house, perhaps some mice lived in houses. Didn't Grandpa Mouse tell a story about some mice he saw once, that lived in a house? To be sure, they were white mice, but that couldn't make much difference. Maybe a white mouse lived here. If he did, he

was not at home; but he wouldn't object, surely, to his gray cousin going in, to rest a few minutes and have a little lunch.

There was so much of that nice cheese there, a family of mice couldn't eat it all in a week. Too bad to let it spoil. So he tried to get in. He did get in, and, click! down went a tiny trap-door, and he, couldn't get out again.

Poor mouse! he didn't want the cheese, after all. He had lost his appetite. All he longed for was to get out and go home to the snug old nest and dear mouse mother. He whirled wildly about and pushed the door, but it wouldn't stir. He ran up and down the wires, but there was no chance for him; and all at once it came over him that this was one of those dreadful things he had heard his mother tell about, but forgotten till this minute—traps.

Should he have to stay in it all the rest of his life? It would be a very short life if he did. He couldn't bear it. Or did the folks who set the trap mean to give him to the cat? They had one, he knew, a great gray cat with white paws.

He had seen her in the kitchen window, washing her face. Perhaps she had just been eating a poor little mouse. She might at least hunt for herself, without folks catching for her.

Or that dog that barked at him, and, he was pretty sure, tried to get him, would they shake him out of the box, and let the dog snap him up? Or would the cook come with tongs or poker? Poor little mouse! He had heard of all these dreadful things, but never quite believed them before. If he could only get out, never, never would he go into a pantry again. No, not for all the toasted cheeses in the world!

If he had heard Betsy talking to herself the night before, as she toasted the cheese and set the trap, he would have trembled even in the nest. But it was too late. It was the 1st of April, and poor mouse was badly fooled. He struggled till he was tired out, and lay down in a corner of the trap, trembling, panting, feeling as if he should die of fright. His little heart beat fast and hard. He could scarcely breathe.

He had given up all hope of getting out, he never could; and now, "Whoop!" Two boys, with bright eyes, rosy faces, and tumbled hair, rushed through the kitchen, and opened the pantry door. Poor mouse shook with terror, for he thought his last minute had come. His dear, kind mother! If he had only minded her, if he had believed that she knew best! His merry brothers and sisters! But it was all past, the happy life in the warm nest. He should never see it again. It didn't seem to him he had done anything very bad either, folks had put the very thing he liked best right in his way, on purpose; but what were the boys after? Why didn't they pounce on him?

They had come for something to eat, just as he had. But there was no trap set for them, there was the difference. Mouse, trembling in his corner, watched them as they helped themselves to sandwiches and cookies, talking merrily all the while, and poured out each a tumbler of milk—oh! such rich, yellow milk! When they were satisfied, and just as they turned to leave the pantry, one of them espied the trap.

"Heigho!" he exclaimed. "Betsy's been setting the trap again, and she's caught one this time. This one won't nibble pies any more." And he lifted the trap.

"Why, it's a wee one, isn't it?" said the other boy. "Don't think he could have managed any great robbery. And how frightened the poor little creature is! See him tremble! I say, Fred, put the trap down a minute. What are you going to do?"

"With the mouse? Why, nothing, I guess. Leave him here. Betsy'll find him, and she'll rap him on the head or give him to the cat, I s'pose."

"See here, Fred, I've thought of a joke. You know it's April Fool's day."

"Yes."

"Suppose you go and tell Betsy there's a mouse in the trap—there is, you know. She'll come in a hurry; and, when she gets here, the mouse won't be on hand. I'll let him out—outdoors you know; and he's had such a scare, I don't believe he'll come into the pantry again. I pity the little thing, that's a fact; and it's a good joke on Betsy, too."

"So it is. And he is such a wee morsel! Small game for grown folks! I'm agreed."

And away went Fred to the dining-room, where Betsy was cleaning the silver. Charlie waited till he heard him say, "There is one, Betsy," for she was unbelieving. "I've just come from the pantry, and I saw him myself."

Still Betsy seemed in no hurry. Perhaps she remembered the day of the month.

"I guess you'd better let him go, though," Fred added, in a careless way. "He's a baby mouse, and won't do much harm."

"Won't he grow?" almost screamed Betsy, wrathfully, as she started for the pantry. "Guess I'll let him go, after taking all the trouble of catching him! Baby mouse, indeed! Much I care for babies of his description!"

Meantime, Charlie had vanished with the trap, had come back and replaced it, all but the mouse, just as it was, and taken himself out of the way of Betsy's anger, though not out of hearing.

She scolded awhile, and threatened not to make waffles "for a month o' Sundays," but laughed over it herself afterward. And the boys' April Fooling served mouse a good turn.

KINDNESS.

Why do we look forever
Seeking for flaws to find?
Surely we know 'tis better
Just to be kind.

Let us to faults and foibles
Pretend that our eyes are blind,
And train the hearts in our bosoms
Just to be kind.

Selected.

TRUE LIBERTY.

WHAT is true liberty? Every intelligent young person should study that question, and aim to reach a right conclusion. In our first thought a man is free who does exactly what he inclines to do, with no restraint or check from outside. We call a boy "wayward" when he disregards all beaten paths, and goes a way of his own choosing. That is a close approach to following one's inclination, isn't it? And yet the wayward boy rarely makes a free man, and in many cases his slavery to base passions is most abject and hopeless. There must be something wrong with this theory of liberty.

No nation can be free without wise laws, faithfully administered and enforced. The individual also must have a rule of life apart from himself. He must obey the laws of the home, the laws of his country, first and chiefly, the law of God. The better the law and the more perfect the obedience, the nearer he approaches to an ideal freedom.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

IN A BLIZZARD.

BY MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

WHEN Amy West was but a tiny girl, she went with her parents and her brother Eber, who was still smaller than she, to live in their new home in Minnesota. Mr. West was a bridge carpenter, and much of the time he was away from home, working at his trade. Then Mrs. West and the two children were alone at home.

Each morning and afternoon Mrs. West must go to the stable, a little distance from the house, to feed, water, and milk the cow; and in winter the weather was so cold that the children were not allowed to go with her. The time seemed long to them that they had to stay alone in the house. However, they watched from a window to see when she came out of the barn, and their joy at seeing her offset their former loneliness.

But there came a day when the barn could not be seen from the house because the air was full of snow. The wind blew very hard, and the weather was the coldest these people had ever known. Such a storm is called a blizzard. The wind was blowing toward the barn, so Mrs. West was sure she could go there. But to come back to the house would be much more difficult. Deep snow covered the path; and, in fact, she could not have seen the path if it were not covered, for she could not open her eyes when facing the storm.

Where blizzards are frequent, people commonly stretch a strong rope from house to barn, to keep hold of in going back and forth. But Mrs. West had no rope, and how could she get back to the house if once she left it? The wind would tend to take her out of the way, and she could not see where to go.

Many persons would not have gone out of doors at all in such a storm. But this good woman knew that the cow would suffer if not cared for, and she knew, too, that her children needed the milk that the cow could furnish. So she put on a pair of her husband's trousers, which were better to wear in the wind and snow than were her own clothes, and she also wrapped herself thoroughly, even her face being almost wholly covered. Then she gave a hammer to little Amy, and told her that, when mamma had been gone long enough to feed and milk the cow, the child should pound on the door as hard as she could until her mamma came back.

Your mamma would not like to have you pound one of the doors of your house with a hammer, would she? But the doors of this house were rough ones, and a few hammer marks would not make them look much the worse. Amy was made to understand that she must pound hard, and that she must not stop until her mamma came, else the poor mamma might be lost and die in the storm. That was a terrible thought to the dear child, and she waited in much anxiety for the time for her mamma to return.

Now, Mrs. West could hardly do the work at the barn in less than fifteen minutes. Amy had never learned to tell time by the clock; but, when her mamma had been gone scarcely two minutes, the child believed that was long enough, and she began to pound on the door.

Mrs. West had not yet reached the barn when she heard the noise. Then she feared that before she could finish her work the little girl would become tired and discouraged, and cease pounding, and so there would be nothing to guide the mamma home. The good woman hurried as fast as she could, and, when the work was done, and she went to open the barn door

a little way in order to go out, she wondered whether she would hear any sound to direct her to the house.

Any sound! Verily, there were many sounds! Harder and faster the hammer was striking the door, and a stick of wood plied by little Eber added to the din. Moreover, both children were crying with all the strength they had to spare from their pounding. They little expected ever to see their mamma again, but they were determined that she should not be lost if they could save her. When, finally, she entered the house, there was such a jumble of tears and laughter and kisses as you never witnessed.

After the storm was past, neighbors came to see how Mrs. West and her little folks had fared; and they were amazed to learn that the brave woman had gone to the barn and back to the house again through the blizzard. But she knew she could not have done it except with the help of her faithful little children.

ORDER OF THE SMILING FACE.

We've formed a new society—
The Order of the Smiling Face.
An honored member you may be,
For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
The corners of your mouth drop down,
For by this method you may get
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
A brave and merry twinkle show;
For, if the angry tears arise,
They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practise for an hour,
And if it seems a long, long while,
Remember not to pout and glower
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see,
Make up your mind to join to-day;
Put on a smile—and you will be
An active member right away.

Catholic Messenger.

ONE thing about Jesus' Sabbaths was that they were full of good works. The Jews thought he ought not to heal people on that day. Their rules forbade it. But Jesus took every opportunity to do good on the Sabbath, healing the sick, comforting the sorrowing, showing kindness to all he met. There was a king who counted any day lost in which he had done no kindness to another. We should certainly count a Sabbath a lost day if on it we have not been a blessing and a help to some other one. We should fill the days with kindness.

HOME STUDY CLUB.

1. NAME the best-known members of the Barbizon School of Painters? What gave the School its name?
2. What five historic landings mark five epochs in English history?
3. When and by whom was the Monroe Doctrine first officially offered to Congress?
4. In what city of Europe is Raphael's "Saint Cecilia"?
5. What country is called "Land of Cakes?"
6. Who said, "Millions for defence, not a cent for tribute?"
7. What caused the above remark to be made?

Answers will be published October 13, 1907.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

GREETING and welcome from the Editor to the friends of *Every Other Sunday*. The greeting proceeds from the wild region of waters and woods known as Georgian Bay, Canada. The welcome is to the new volume, which now opens, of this paper. This is the last week of August, and, by the time these words are read in print, the Editor will be hard at work over his desk in Boston.

To that time and place we adjourn more extended "remarks." The winds from the west are blowing hard. The "white caps" dash over the reefs and around the islands; the trees make music: yet in many a sheltered cave all is calm and sunny. May *Every Other Sunday* be such a resource to our readers the coming year. We shall try to fill the columns with courage for the teacher, encouragement for the pupil, and good cheer for all, so that the Sunday-School craft, large and small, may put forth with vigor and joy each week.

Or, to use another figure, yonder forest seems pathless, but on examination we are sure to find "trails" and guiding marks. So we hope to be of aid in the difficult but important and noble tasks of Sunday-School life, assisting, as we may, along the way toward character and Christian virtues.

He is wise who wishes, not for release from effort, but for strength to meet each demand. With renewed mind and body, let us go forward together and keep together.

"It is not loving that empties the heart,
Or giving that empties the purse."

To condemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they stand in competition with a man's honor, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.

STEELE.

SELFISHNESS is a fault to be guarded against in early years, not only because it grows so rapidly, but also because it bears in time such bitter, ill-tasting fruit. It narrows our lives by closing our eyes gradually to everything outside ourselves. It makes us deaf to the needs and even the rights of others, silences the voice of sympathy, changes the smile of kindness into a frown, and palsies the hands for the helpful service of our brother man. There is no sin or crime in the whole repulsive catalogue of wrong-doing but has some connection with selfishness.

LETTER-BOX.

Dear Editor,—I take great delight in studying out the enigmas and puzzles, though I do not send in my answers. The Rev. G. S. Shaw sent me four copies of *Every Other Sunday*, and I like it very much. On another paper I send two enigmas and one square word.

ASHBY, MASS.

Yours truly,

ELOISE DOLAN.

SQUARE WORD.

My first is the name of a month.
My second is a conjunction.
My third is an abbreviation of a measure.

ELOISE DOLAN.

ENIGMA I.

I AM composed of 12 letters.
My 3, 4, 8, 9, is something in the sky.
My 1, 8, 9, is a gateway.
My 10, 11, 3, 3, is an overseer.
My 1, 2, 9, 6, is brought forth.
My 12, 5, 8, 3, 4, is a cooked meat.
My 3, 7, 5, 4, is something used in a gun.
My whole was famous at the Boston tea party.

BEATRICE GOODWIN.

ENIGMA II.

I AM composed of 10 letters.
My 10, 2, 7, 5, is an animal.
My 9, 3, 6, is a number.
My 4, 9, 1, 5, is a game.
My 8, 2, 10, is not high.
My 4, 9, 3, 4, is a bell.
My whole is a famous poet.

FRIDA PAUSTIAN.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In art, but not in picture.
In glad, but not in sorrow.
In Canada, but not in Quebec.
In enigma, but not in puzzle.
In earth, but not in grass.
In mist, but not in water.
In furnace, but not in fire.
In old, but not in aged.
In nought, but not in lake.
My whole is one of the Greeks before Troy.

HENRY A. JENKS.

PUZZLE POEM.

THE MYSTERIOUS COAT.

THERE is a coat which men are wont to wear
When summer days are long and fiercely torrid,
And, yes, 'tis often worn by ladies fair,
Who court its style, and then exclaim, "How horrid!"
'Tis not a coat of wool or duck or serge,
In fact, it never knew a day of weaving;
'Tis often worn by those who do not urge
Its coming, and 'tis stubborn, quite, in leaving.
It wears as well as coats of other makes;
To put it on, no human hands are needed;
From some the best of beauty's balm it takes,
While 'tis by some a beauty-mark conceded.
No tantalizing linings, seams, or sleeves
Make up this coat, so common to beholders,
For, though the reader doubts and disbelieves,—
'Tis seldom worn upon the back or shoulders.

"JAC" LOWELL.

This first instalment of the Letter-Box in the new volume of *Every Other Sunday* is wholly filled with original puzzles sent by our friends. The Editor is always pleased when this happens, and is especially glad to open the new Letter-Box in this auspicious manner.

He trusts the interest taken in this department in the preceding volume will be continued through this one, and also hopes for the same co-operation from the friends of *Every Other Sunday*.

The answers of Christina M. Morrison, Ashby, Mass., Carrie F. Fiske, East Lexington, Mass., and Eloise Dolan, Ashby, Mass., to puzzles in Letter-Box of volume twenty-two are herewith acknowledged. They were not received in time to be noticed in that volume.

An enduring fame is one stamped by the judgment of the future,—that future which dispels illusions, and smashes idols into dust.

GLADSTONE.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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